

MEN WHO WILL WIN

Three Men Who Are at the Head of State Tickets

WHO WILL RUN FOR OFFICE

An Old Soldier is the Republican Nominee in Missouri and an Ex-Private is the Candidate in Illinois.

Major William Warner, who was recently nominated by acclamation as the gubernatorial candidate of the Republicans of Missouri, has had a very remarkable career.



William Warner. Born in Wisconsin in 1841, he entered the Lawrence university in his native state while still a lad, but left before the close of his term and completed his studies at the Michigan university. He then began the study of law, but the war having broken out, young Warner enlisted as a private in the Eighty-third Wisconsin. In course of time he became adjutant and captain of his regiment, and was afterward assistant adjutant general to General A. J. Smith. When mustered out in 1865 it was as major of the Forty-fourth Wisconsin. After the war he removed to Kansas City, where he has since resided.

The people elected him city attorney in 1867, and circuit attorney in 1869. He was made mayor of Kansas City in 1871, and a presidential elector in 1872. In 1880 Major Warner was appointed United States attorney for the western district of Missouri, and in the following year the Republican members of the state legislature voted for him for United States senator. Since then he has served in the national house of representatives. In 1888 he was elected commander in chief of the Grand Army.



John P. Altgeld. Another very promising man is Judge John P. Altgeld, of Chicago, Democratic candidate for governor of Illinois. He was born in the duchy of Nassau, Germany, in 1847, was brought to America by his parents when but a year old and reared on a farm near Mansfield, O. When a lad of sixteen he served six months in the Federal army in front of Richmond. On reaching majority he went to Kansas and thence to Missouri, suffering much from poverty, but overcame all obstacles and was admitted to the bar in 1872.

In 1873 he located in Chicago, investing all his means in real estate at the time it was at the lowest. He rapidly rose to the front rank in his profession, his conduct in the Wilbur F. Storey will give him a great reputation. He was finally elected one of the judges of the superior court, but as he had been all these years in real estate he had become very wealthy, and last spring resigned his judgeship to devote himself to the care of his property. He is one of the wealthiest citizens of the state.

Another upright judge and honorable and successful business man is Judge John Dean, whom the Republicans of



Pennsylvania have nominated for supreme judge. He is the head of the latest this year, as no governor is to be elected. He was born in Williamsburg, Maine county, Pa., Feb. 15, 1833, and after the usual course at school and college, studied law and began practice in Hollidaysburg, where he has ever since resided. In 1871 he was elected president judge of that district and re-elected in 1881 and 1891 that being a year twenty-one years, and would have completed the three decades had not his nomination to the supreme bench prevented.

THE TWO VISITS.

It was on a cold night in November that I drew up my comfortable chair before a cheerful blaze in my study lamp, and with my hand resting on the pillow of the

chair fell to meditating. I had just returned home after paying two short visits to dear old friends of my happy school days, who for two years had been mistresses of their own homes. I was trying, as I sat there, to answer the question why it was that I had enjoyed my visit so much more at Mrs. Van Dyke's than I did at Mrs. Barstow's. Both ladies were bright, cordial, entertaining, intelligent and exceedingly hospitable, and I had looked forward for two years to the pleasure of visiting them in their own homes.

They were living in inland cities about 200 miles apart. Both of these friends had married lawyers, who were already earning good incomes, and both families had the entire to the best society.

The homes of these friends were not only comfortable but exceedingly tasteful and pleasant, and the children in both homes were bright, handsome and merry, with plastic minds ready to be molded by their parents.

Yet with all this similarity in the social position of both families, in the incomes they received, in the homes they had built, in the education of the parents and in their church relations the atmosphere of these two homes was very different, and a visit in the one was a great contrast to the other.

I recalled many incidents of the two visits, and they convinced me, and more strongly than ever before, that the mother makes the home. Her taste, her methods, her ideas, her example, her influence, her spirit are all impressed upon the household and create its atmosphere.

At Mrs. Van Dyke's not only was all the household machinery so well oiled that its running was noiseless, but there was no friction whatever in the family. The household arose betimes, in the old-fashioned way, and all the children were ready for breakfast when the meal was announced, and they appeared appropriately dressed, and each with happy face bidding their parents, each other, and the guests a pleasant good morning. Then after morning prayer, in which the servants participated, each of the older children quietly disappeared from the sitting room to attend to a few practical duties before getting ready for school, appearing ere long, with books in hand, for a goodby kiss and to hear the last cheery word from mother as they started out.

With perfect composure, and with no apparent trouble, a few friends were asked to dine one evening, and a most delightful visit enjoyed. The flowers, the glasses, the silver, the table linen were exquisite, and the dinner of only four courses was well cooked, homelike and well served, while the feast of reason, the quick repartee, the witty stories, the bits of political, social and literary talk were not only a pleasure to all the older ones, but a source of education and culture to the children. Several such informal companies were entertained at Mrs. Van Dyke's while I was there.

In every department the household seemed to move along harmoniously and without apparent exertion or undue care on the part of the mother. The home was at all times in perfect order, and yet without stiffness or angularity visible anywhere.

I remembered going into one of the children's rooms to look at a gift of a pretty picture, and as little Mary opened a bureau drawer I noticed how neat and orderly it was as was also her closet, where the shoes and rubbers even were set back against the baseboard with regularity and precision. I asked Mrs. Van Dyke when we were alone if Mary, who was nine years old, arranged her closet and drawers herself, to which question her mother replied: "Certainly. I taught all my children before they were two years old to be orderly. Even at that age," she said, "you know they are very imitative, and they love to do little services for their mothers. I showed them just how to put their clothes and shoes away in an orderly manner, and how to lay things in their drawers and keep them neatly. Those early lessons they will never forget. I believe," she added, "no matter how many servants one can afford to have it is well to teach children to be self-reliant, and to do everything promptly and well. Such teaching saves a vast amount of work and of unnecessary friction through life. True it is that some children seem to have naturally more of a bump of order than others, but the orderly habit can be cultivated. If the hanging loop of Mary's coat should give way, so orderly has she become she would not for a moment think of hanging it upon the hook until the loop was mended."

All this I recalled as I sat there, and also what my friend said about her husband when I had remarked that I had never seen a gentleman who seemed to make so little trouble about the house.

"He was a surprise to me in that respect," said Mrs. Van Dyke. "I told him soon after we were married that I had been accustomed to see men leave everything about for some one to pick up, and asked him how it happened that he was so neat and orderly. He said that when he was about thirteen years old he noticed that his mother picked up and put away what he had left carelessly about, and when he had tossed up his bureau drawers his mother, without a word, came and regulated them, and he concluded one day that he was somewhat better able to do all this than his mother, and from that time on he made her no trouble in such ways. And of course Mr. Van Dyke has been a great help to me in the training of our children."

One of the pleasantest memories of the visit was then recalled, that of the children's hour, which Longfellow has immortalized in that sweet poem, beginning:

Between the dusk and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
Which is known to the children's hour.

How beautiful it was to see that mother gather her little flock about her and tell them a good story, or read to them, or recite some pretty poem, and talk with them about their lessons, and after dinner play a few merry games with them. Then when bedtime came she cradled herself for half an hour and read with her children as they prepared for bed, singing sweet little hymns to them, and with untold effort guiding their thoughts right and bidding them happy good nights. That, she said, was one of her proudest half-hours which was seldom interrupted with.

I could not but contrast with all these sweet memories my visit at Mrs. Barstow's. While she was cordial and intelligent and made every time Mrs. Van Dyke, she had no sense of mission,

no faculty in keeping things in order, no quiet control over her children and much less enjoyment with them. There was continual friction in her household, and while there was no lack of love and confidence there was a lack of unity, and consequently continual conflict.

Two or three children were frequently late to breakfast, morning prayers were often omitted because all the family were late, at school time books could not be found, and shoe buttons and mittens were missing, and there was a general scurry and commotion until the children, with hurried and often reproving words, were started for school. Then Mrs. Barstow had many little things to do which the children should have done, for the entire house was in confusion. This hindered the mother from attending to her own duties at the proper time, and throughout the household this lack of promptness and order was felt, and much which otherwise would have been easy to accomplish was made difficult.

To Mrs. Barstow, therefore, it seemed a great undertaking to give a dinner party. Then, too, she attempted an elaborate affair with seven or eight courses, with decorated menus and much expense, a dinner that required most of her time and thought for several days, and the time of her servants, as well as the expense of hiring extra help. All these preparations so exhausted the hostess that she could not enjoy her guests with the zest she might otherwise have had, and the effort made was unconsciously felt by the guests, and it hindered perfect ease and unaffected pleasure.

I meditated, too, on the constant friction which engendered discussions, harsh criticisms, hasty words and fretted spirits. All this led the children, interesting as they were, to grow disrespectful toward their parents, which did not tend to increase the love and interest of friends.

It was seldom that the evening hour was a happy or restful one, for the mother, worn and weary with the many perplexities and cares of the day, was too often unable to be merry with or attentive to her children. Their voices and their noise disturbed her and the mother's fretted spirit was contagious. The little ones were hurried off to bed with an uninterested nurse, and Mrs. Barstow's sigh of relief was significant. When I left one home with reluctance, where the order, the repose, the easy hospitality had cheered and delighted me, I was ready to leave the other, where even my own spirit became fretted before the day set for my departure.

In the quiet of my own home, and by that cheery blaze in the twilight hour, I said aloud: "And all this difference which made one home so delightful to visit and the other so much less agreeable, can be accounted for by the order and promptness and harmony in the one, and the disorder and dilatoriness and friction in the other. The good cheer and respect shown to parents in the one and the lack of it in the other; the ease of entertaining in the one, the burden of it in the other; the time which the parents devoted to their children in the one home, the absence of such devotion in the other; the happy, peaceful spirits in the one, the fretted spirits in the other; the close fellowship between parents and children in the one and lack of such sympathy in the other; all this, I said, 'is the result of good early training, or a lack of it, in such habits as must have a powerful influence in every home, which will be felt through life.'"

Fair faces beaming round the household hearth,
Young joyous tones in melody of mirth,
The air doubly living in his boy,
And the crown of all that wealth or joy:
These make the home like some sweet lyre given
To sound on earth the harmonies of heaven.
—Standard.

A Useful Mirror.

Little Nell—What does the organist at our church have a looking glass fixed over his head on the organ for?

Little Dick—I guess that's so he can tell the choir when the minister is looking in.—Good News.

Needed Room.

Mrs. Grumpp (looking over new house)—What in the world is this vast attic for?

Mr. Grumpp—It's to hold the things that you buy and can't use.—New York Weekly.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is on fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.

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You will come. You cannot resist buying. Trouble commences tomorrow and ends Saturday night. Price announcements in daily papers. SEE OUR WINDOWS. SEE OUR BARGAINS.

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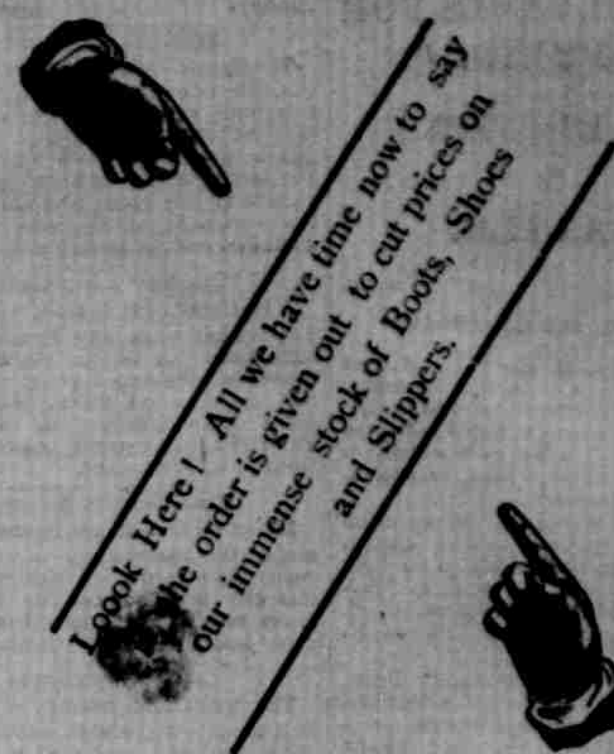
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